

CHIEF JOSEPH'S STORY of HIS FAMOUS FIGHT

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON.

GENERAL MILES once told me that he considered Chief Joseph the shrewdest and most daring Indian general the United States has ever known," remarked Major Lee Morehouse to me in the hotel at Pendleton, Oregon one evening.

"How does that come?" I asked.

"Well it took all the soldiers of the whole United States army to catch him. He led them a lively chase all the way from Idaho, across the Rockies into the Yellowstone park, and through Montana nearly to the British line, carrying with him his tepees, his ponies and his women and children. This was a distance of over 1,400 miles."

"Think of it," said I.

"Ah, but he was sharp and brave," said the major.

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Why he's living up here on the Coosaw reservation out from Spokane."

"Suppose we go to see him."

"Well, that's just what I have been intending to do for a long time," said the major. "Joseph has often invited me to come to see him. I've known him a great many years. We are old friends."

We found the old chieftain in his tepee. Although he could read and write he chose to live in the wigwag rather than in a house. His clothing was half white man's, half Indian. He wore breeches, yet over his shoulders he bore a blanket. His hat, a broad brimmed black one, was made by a "Boston man," but a squaw had shaped his moccasins. On his face I read Resignation, Hope. The whites had forced Joseph to give up his charming Oregon valley and to come and live on a cheerless reservation. Yet he felt that some day his people would again live within the pale of the Wallows. Joseph was an exile.

"Joseph," said the major as we all rested upon the skins in the tepee, "my friend here is a newspaper man. He wants you to tell him about your war with the whites in '77."

"Will he believe what I say?" spoke back Joseph.

"Most people believe I lie."

"You look to me like an honest man," said I to the Nez Perces' chief.

Joseph lit his pipe and offered us tobacco. An old, old squaw, whom we have seen down the road carrying a big load of brush, came in and built a fire.

"Long time ago," the chief began, "white man come to this country first time. My grandfather chief Nez Perces Injuns that time. White man come across mountains. Nearly time they eat horse. They eat dog, the cat root. White man pony all same bones. My grandfather tell his people: 'Be friends to white man. Give white man buffalo meat, fish. Take white man pony all same bones, give him fat pony.'"

"Long time pass, missionary come to Lapwai. He have Spalding for name. I young boy that time. Spalding show Injun how plow ground, raise wheat, raise heap thing. Spalding teach Injun read, write, make map. Me and my brother go to school. Spalding know I be chief some day, he heap teach me. Spalding tell Injun about Jesus hang to cross. Spalding say Injun all same white man's brother. Injun believe Spalding."

"My people always good to white man. You know, Lee," said Joseph, addressing the major. "Nez Perces people never raise tomahawk and hit white man before my war eighteen hundred seven seven."

"Yes, you are right, Joseph," was the reply.

Then the major told me of the many deeds of kindness which the Nez Perces tribe had done for the early settlers.

"When Governor I. I. Stevens called the Great Walla Walla Council in '55, the result of which was that all of the Indians in this country should give up most of their lands and go on reservations," said the major. "All of the tribes were opposed to the treaty except the Nez Perces. Old Ka-mi-a-kin, the leader of the war of '55, got the Yakimas, the Cayuses, all the tribes in fact, but the Nez Perces, to agree to massacre the Governor's party. Joseph's father, here, and the other chiefs of the Nez Perces, pitched their tepees near to Stevens' and thus saved the whites from being killed. For this act of friendship the governor gave the Nez Perces a larger share of land than to the other tribes."

"Yes," said Joseph, taking up the conversation, "I was there that time. My people nearly have battle with all other tribes. We had two thousand five hundred people at Walla Walla powwow. Yakima, Cayuse, Umatilla, Walla Walla tribe have two thousand five hundred. Nez Perces people keep Stevens from kill. Stevens give Nez Perces people Lapwai, Grande Ronde, Walla Walla. I come back, I say: 'Joseph chief Nez Perces people. Long time ago Walla Walla Powwow Governor Stevens say Nez Perces keep Walla Walla all time. My father die he say 'Keep Walla Walla.' I keep Walla Walla."

"Next year, General Howard say he want Nez Perces. Give white man Walla Walla. I say: 'No,' my father die Walla Walla, my grandfather die Walla Walla, Joseph die Walla Walla. But Howard say Nez Perces people all go on Lapwai reservation, he build schoolhouse and make Nez Perces happy good."

Joseph stopped a moment to refill his pipe. As the old chief had spoken of the Walla Walla he showed in every word a deep love for his native valley. Nor can I blame him, for of the dream spots of the world, none are more lovely than the valleys of Oregon. Every inch beyond the Rockies, the climate is mild. The soil is dark and in it waxes a rich growth of trees, grasses and flowers. The crests of the surrounding mountains are always snow-clothed.

Striking a match Joseph continued:

"Before powwow finish Nez Perces see smoke sign (signals made by the Indians). Smoke say: '1,000 soldier come Lapwai.' I say my people Nez Perces no whip white man. My people say fight. I sign treaty all same. Howard go away. I make my people no fight."

"One month go, we have dance. One tiliicum (warrior) say he do heap brave thing."

"Perhaps," broke in the major, "I'd better explain that when the Indians have a war or a scalp dance the young braves come forward and recount their deeds of valor. They are pretty much on the brag—some of them—and lots of times they tell of things they have not done."

"One tiliicum say he do heap brave thing," repeated Joseph. "Another tiliicum say: 'You so brave, why you no kill man who kill your father one year ago?' That tiliicum who talk say: 'You see before to-morrow night creek run white man blood.' I no big enough stop my tiliicum. They kill some families."

"They kill some families," continued Joseph. "I go up Bitter Root river. To leave one scout behind. He get on horse. He see white man soldier pass. White man soldier no think him Nez Perces; he think him Flathead Injun. My scout count white man soldier. He ride 150 mile; he tell me General Gibbon follow. Gibbon take my village. I take village back. My squaw all people. I say my people: 'We no big enough fight white man bullet. White man too many. We fight white man pony. We make tired his pony.' We cross Rocky mountain two times. Howard follow; Gibbon follow."

"Yes, and you bet he wore them both out," put in the major. "Howard wanted to quit. Joseph could march faster and always kept one or two marches ahead. If Miles hadn't heard he was coming Joseph never would have been caught. You know the geography of the country. You see, Joseph was going northwest. Miles, who was located at Fort Keough, on the Yellowstone river, heard Joseph was coming. So, guided by Piegan Jack, an old half-breed scout, Miles marched northwest and met Joseph unexpected to the Nez Perces in the Bear Paw mountains. In a few days more Joseph would have been beyond the Canadian border."

"Yes, said Joseph, "Miles catch me. We have fight. Miles soldier kill my brother Ollicut. I see my brother Ollicut. I send white flag. I meet Miles. Miles say: 'He treat me good. I give my gun Miles. He say: 'Give gun General Howard.' I say: 'No, I give you my gun; Howard no catch me. I point to sun; I say: 'I fight white man no more.'"

"I fight white man no more," concluded the old Nez Perces chief, "I believe I get Walla Walla."

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Piegan Jack, Scout for General Miles

Nez Perces Squaws.

Chief Joseph

They come me, they say: 'We want fight white man.' I say: 'No, white man too many.' They say: 'Joseph, you old woman, you afraid.'"

"Lee," said Joseph, rising on his knees, a savage fire lighting his eyes, "No man call Joseph 'old woman,' no man call Joseph coward."

"They call me old woman. I say: 'We fight.' That night I put on war bonnet. I dance."

"When white man say Joseph kill woman you say him, Lee, he tell lie. One night they bring white woman my tepee. I hide her. I put blanket and moccasins on white woman, make her look all same Injun woman. I send her back home with my squaw night time. I say my tiliicum: 'No, fight woman, fight soldier.'"

The mark of the school book and the Bible had now left Joseph as he recalled the broken faith of the white man and the words of his dying father: "Our people live here this valley long time; white man want take Walla Walla you fight."

"First fight, White Bird Creek," went on Joseph, the custom of the Indian being to headline his story like an editor. "Month June, my tiliicum kill some white men close Mount Idaho. Lieutenant Perry come from Fort Lapwai. He have ninety men on horse. Perry come White Bird Creek where Creek come in Salmon river. I on same side of river. I take long see (field-glass). I look. I say my brother Ollicut: 'white man soldiers—look.' Ollicut take long see. White Bird take long see. They say white man soldiers. White Bird say: 'We cross river.' I say: 'No, we fight. We shoot white man horse scared.'"

"Bimeby scout come in. Scout say 100 white man. I leave village behind. I bring squaw hold horses. I take all my tiliicum. I go behind rocks on hill. I tell Ollicut and White Bird stay on horse, drive soldiers me. Soldiers come. We shoot; first man we kill blow bugle. We shoot officers. White man soldier horse scared. Soldiers come, me behind rocks. They come in line four by four. Easy mark. We let soldiers come close. We shoot. Ollicut and White Bird go behind rocks with tiliicum. I drive soldiers back. Ollicut and White Bird shoot. Soldiers back scared. We whip white soldier. They go back. That day we take thirty scalp. My tiliicum wear soldier's shoes, make one more fight. I kill Lieutenant Raines and ten soldier."

"I take my people across river. Smoke say: 'General Howard come, 1,000 men.' I wait one week. Howard come. I lead Howard army Clearwater river so he no get set for soldiers, grub for horse. This time Howard have too many soldiers. He have Injun scout. We kill heap Howard men, Howard kill twenty-three Nez Perces, wound forty."

"I cross river. I hold powwow. I say my people: 'What I tell you? We no whip white man. You see we kill forty men. Howard bring 400.' I say my people: 'We leave this country; we go King George country (British Columbia), we find new home.'"

I lead my people across Lolo trail, Rocky mountains. I find fort. Captain Raven say I no pass. I say I fight. I take twenty scout. I make scout fight heap far back. I take all my people around fort. My twenty scout follow."

"This," interrupted the major, "was a nice bit of strategy. I heard General Miles speak of it. You see, Joseph simply out-generalized the whites all the way through. They couldn't catch him despite the fact that Howard had full blood Indian scouts. It's no trouble, you see, for an Indian camp to cross a river. They simply do up all their traps in buffalo skins, put the squaws and papposes on top of them, then tie the packs to ponies' tails and let the ponies tow across the whole business."

"I got close Fort Missoula," continued Joseph. "I go up Bitter Root river. To leave one scout behind. He get on horse. He see white man soldier pass. White man soldier no think him Nez Perces; he think him Flathead Injun. My scout count white man soldier. He ride 150 mile; he tell me General Gibbon follow. Gibbon take my village. I take village back. My squaw all people. I say my people: 'We no big enough fight white man bullet. White man too many. We fight white man pony. We make tired his pony.' We cross Rocky mountain two times. Howard follow; Gibbon follow."

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The Art of Being Agreeable.

The Successful Hostess.

By Adelaide Gordon.

Adelaide Gordon will answer inquiries addressed to her by readers. Letters should enclose return postage and should always be addressed to her at the Chronicle, Washington, D. C.

The Agreeable Host.

"A man who dispenses hospitality with courtesy, liberality and dignity is a king among his fellows," said an English nobleman. "He represents the highest type of gentleman; his desire is to please."

By the same token, he adds greatly to the sense of human happiness in carefully and constantly practicing this all-important branch of the art of being agreeable.

Specialize this branch of the art; try to acquire the attributes and habits of the ideal host.

You will not be aiming one bit too high.

Some study and some self-sacrifice is required, it is true; but to gain the easy use of a foreign language or facility with your gun will cost you much more effort, and yet will not rebound so truly to your high qualities of head and heart, not to speak of your general reputation and daily comfort.

Play the host capably, charmingly, and you are then not only showing the finest altruism and the finest accomplishment in the world, but you are also earning a social self-confidence and an influence with others that is of inestimable value.

It is downright, culpable ignorance not to know even the minutest detail of the gentle art of hospitality.

In the eighteenth century the colonial boy, as soon as he was taught to read and write, was also taught that it was noble and manly, and of practical importance to his position and his future, to welcome the coming and send the parting guest with grace, and do the high honors of his home with exquisite courtesy.

We hold ourselves as greatly in advance of the eighteenth century, and yet I know a goodly number of grown

men who fairly cower before the position of having to entertain a stranger within their gates, and, when the stranger is presumably enjoying the shelter of their roofs, they treat him with a neglect and indifference that is a disgrace to a barbaric Bedouin burn with shame.

A Bedouin, under a palm tree, with a handful of dates and a jug of water, can observe all the laws and traditions of the most perfect hospitality. He is able to make his guest feel that his presence is a privilege, and his goodness, to any one who has the correct kind of honor which lends to every mouthful he takes a distinctly new and delicate savor.

On the other hand, the average highly civilized American, though his table is spread with Sevres china and supplied with every dainty of the season, cannot give you a moment's contentment at his feast.

He does not know, as does the Bedouin, that it is not the quantity, but the quality of the hospitality offered that really counts. He, however, realizes that something is vitally wrong with his way of entertaining, and, in the privacy of his own soul, he is disgusted and discouraged—with himself.

To any one who has the correct kind of aspiration and ambition, there is no excuse for this ignorance. We live in an age of self-education, and it is never too late to mend one's manners.

It is as old as Abraham; it has not changed much since his day, and it is not difficult either to understand or to learn.

The hospitable man is generous in impulse and practice. This supremely fine quality you must foster and practice wherever and whenever you are called upon to guard the sacred traditions of the roof-tree.

It makes little or no difference what or where your roof-tree may be. You are obliged to honor it in the same way, and at all times and places. The top floor, back, in a boarding house, which, while a struggling bank clerk you call your home, your table in a modest restaurant, or your palace on Upper Fifth Avenue in New York, call for an exhibition of exactly the same rules and regulations when you adopt the role of host.

A curious, selfish, short-sighted policy, pursued by a familiar type of

young man, is evidenced by a foolish determination to entertain at all unless he can do so in a style that reflects credit above all else on his pocket-book. He struggles through years of poverty and achieves financial success, and middle age, without having once sweetened the long years of toil by dispensing that unassuming hospitality which is always possible. At the age of 45 he has money, and his wife carries the whole burden of entertainment on her shoulders.

He is only a figurehead at one end of his glittering board, and only of importance because he pays for the rich food, fine wines and Havana cigars. He feels out of place, he admits to his intimates that he hates dinner parties and that he avoids all functions, even when his wife is hostess of the occasion. The guests at his own house avoid him; he ignores the guests and resents their behavior.

Well, he is only tasting at last the inevitable and very bitter fruits of long years of selfish, reprehensible indifference to one of the big duties of life, to that leading law of hospitality, which says, "Thou, too, must entertain."

Don't Depend Too Much on the Cook.

To invite a guest is to take the responsibility of his happiness during his stay under our roof," says Brillat-Savarin, the famous chef. Directly and indirectly, therefore, you are accountable to the guest for the amount of relish with which he eats your food.

There is a generosity of mind and of manner as well as that of the pocket and the pantry.

Do not be worried, therefore, because you are really unable to offer French dishes to those you entertain.

In the days when Joseph Addison was a poverty-stricken poet, occupying a couple of cheap rooms, his best table furniture consisted of a few cracked tumblers and a broken-nosed tea pot, nevertheless, the first men of London came to his humble lodgings.

They drank his weak tea and sipped his sour wine with much more gusto than when afterward he married his wealthy countess and went to live in splendid Holland house.

It was the host, not the cook, that charmed and attracted.

There are, of course, few men who

possess the instinctive social gifts of the aristocrat, but he is offered as a model of what any man may legitimately try to be, and this instance leaves no plausible argument for him who hides his light under a bushel by deliberately insisting that he has no time, no talents, no income, to justify indulgence in hospitable attentions.

Give your guest ocular and vocal demonstration that you are honored and delighted to have his company; devote your energies to setting him at ease in mind even more than body; welcome him with outspoken pleasure; follow him to your door with good words that send him away satisfied with his own behavior, and flattered at your regrets over his departure, and no French duke nor modern millionaire can have been a more correct and a more liberal host than you.

Knowledge Is Power.

You owe it as much to yourself as to your guest to bear yourself in all your relations as a host according to the letter of the law of accepted etiquette.

It makes no difference in what form your hospitality is to be offered, learn the routine of the undertaking, learn the form yourself beforehand, and you will not only smooth the way for yourself, but for those you propose to entertain.

Knowledge is as much a power to the world-beat host as to the civil engineer. Many a time have I seen where the most unforgivable errors could have been deftly avoided had the host known the accepted rule formulated for use on just such occasions.

Unwittingly, ignorantly, but none the less ruthlessly, he wounded where he meant to please.

Ignorance is never bliss to the man who sits at the head of a table. It offends spells disaster. Do not, therefore, trust to experience to teach you. She is too rough a preceptress to be followed when dealing with the delicate relations that exist between a guest and host.

Kindly Consideration.

That is the keynote of the whole art of rendering yourself agreeable as a host. When acting in that capacity, let it be your business first, last and at all times, to make your guest not

only contented with his accommodations, but with himself.

The highest wisdom is to be kind, the truest wit is shown by your unflinching consideration.

Live in a wholesome fear of injuring the feelings or trespassing on the rights of those whom you entertain.

Let every guest realize that you feel the greatest respect for him. The servant satisfied to let the wait take the place of the deed in the demonstration of your esteem. The hand-clasp of a host, for instance, should be firm, close, cordial.

I have seen an old gentleman of 60 show as exquisite a cordiality in welcoming to his house a miss of 15 as he manifested on the arrival of an eminent senator. The child blushed with happiness. The old gentleman, by a touch of his hand, had put her at her ease; he had made her feel so welcome, so important, as his guest and as contributing to his pleasure.

Your art is only a veneer, and your kindness but an arrant hypocrisy, if you do not look equally pleased to see the plainly as well as the richly dressed, arrive.

The most aristocratic gentleman is, when a host, the most democratic of men. You are no better than a snob and a vulgarian if, by your manner and the assiduity of your courtesy, you permit any guest to feel that he is less interesting, less important, less companionable to you than another.

A Branch of Diplomacy.

Your duties, when entertaining include the observance of some of the guiding principles of unflinching politeness that are followed by this professional diplomat.

At your own table be neither silent nor egotistical. You may not have the talent of the famous French diplomat, but you can flatter your guests as much by giving the most cheerful and careful attention to what they have to say, as by saying a great deal yourself.

Devote less time and effort at your dinner table to telling your own choice jokes and stories than you do to drawing out the best in those about you. Give your very heartiest applause to any flashes of humor that others may show, and never, under any circumstances, betray the least acrimony in discussion.

The really wise, the truly diplomatic host, never argues with a guest at all, or, if he does, and the situation grows so bleak, at least, he readily and gracefully yields his point.

The art and the consideration of an agreeable host is never so supremely demonstrated as in his imperturbable good temper. The irate host, like the general who has lost his head, brings fright and disorder into the ranks of

those who look to him for comfort and guidance.

I have heard a well-meaning young man turn in his seat and denounce a stupid servant in forcible language. This was done at a restaurant, where the young man entertained six of us at a dinner. The waiter was nervous, and we smiled in constrained fashion and promptly lost our appetites.

Now, that host was much more in the wrong than was the waiter. The servant knew no better, and we were ready to overlook his errors and forget them, but the host had broken an old, and beautiful, and sacred law of hospitality. We could have eaten our cold soup happily and cheerfully had nothing been said, but our host had lost his self-control and he ruined our dinner.

He meant, well, and in our behalf, to be sure, but he was no diplomat: he had evidently undergone little training in the discipline of his own feelings. He forgot to consider us, and he made a dismal failure in his attempt to render himself agreeable. Better a dinner of herbs, served in an atmosphere of serenity and cheerful philosophy, than a stalled ox dished up in wrath.

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SOME WASHINGTON HUMOR.

(New York World.)

This bit of poetry, printed by a typewriter on a slip of paper, found its way into the senate recently and was passed around from senator to senator:

Mother, may I go out to swim?

Yes, my darling daughter!

Does that mean you're coming back?

For it's terribly full of water.

The identity of the author is not even suspected.

Returning travelers from England bring back this story, told by H. Clay Evans, consul general at London:

An American from Buffalo went abroad. He visited Paris and afterward fell on London, where he boasted of his knowledge of Parisian customs, meals, wines, pictures and everything else the traveler sees and gets.

"Of course," said Evans, "you enjoyed some pommes de terre in Paris?"

"Not at all—not at all," replied the man from Buffalo. "My wife is traveling with me."

"The way some of the Democrats are thrashing about on questions of policy reminds me of a friend of mine named Larry, who went to a doctor for some medicine," said Senator Depew.

"How did he tell you to take it, internally or externally?" Larry was asked.

"Nayther wan, sor."

"But it must have been one or the other."

"Nayther wan," persisted Larry.

"That's absurd, Larry. It must have been one or the other."

"Nayther wan, sor, I tell ye. He told me to snuff it up me nose."

Senator Cullom of Illinois has a tiny granddaughter, of whom he is very fond. He told in the senate clock room recently how the little girl came to her mother a short time before and said:

"Mamma, the man who takes away our ashes is awfully religious."

"Why, dear?" the mother asked.

"Because when he put the ashes in the cart today and the mule wouldn't go he sat there and told the mule all about a lot of religious things."

The auditor for the postoffice department has received this letter from a retiring postmaster in a southern state:

"My Dear Sir and Friend: It is with profound gratitude that I acknowledge receipt of your draft in payment of the balance due me on final audit of my account. To attempt a description of my gratitude would be like a dewdrop compared with a mountain torrent, but I will add a prayer to my blessed Master that flowers of perennial beauty and undying fragrance may ever bloom along your pathway during your pilgrimage in this world, and that you may safely reach the haven of repose and receive the crown of glory which is now awaiting you is the prayer of your humble servant."

The auditor thinks the man is much obliged.

"The Maiden's Prayer."

(Washington Post.)

A white-haired maid of this city was listening, in company with a young man from the state department, to the music of a piano.

The selections were all new to the young man till the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn began.

"That's familiar," said he. "I'm not strong of memory, but I know I've heard that before. What is it?"

The matron's eyes twinkled with mischief. "That's the 'Maiden's Prayer,'"

Consented Account.

(Philadelphia Post.)

Commander Walworth, who was of the ill-fated Maine at the time of her destruction, says that after that terrible catastrophe a number of the survivors were conveyed by the Rache to the quarantine hospital at Key West.